

FORD TIMES

AUGUST 1978



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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

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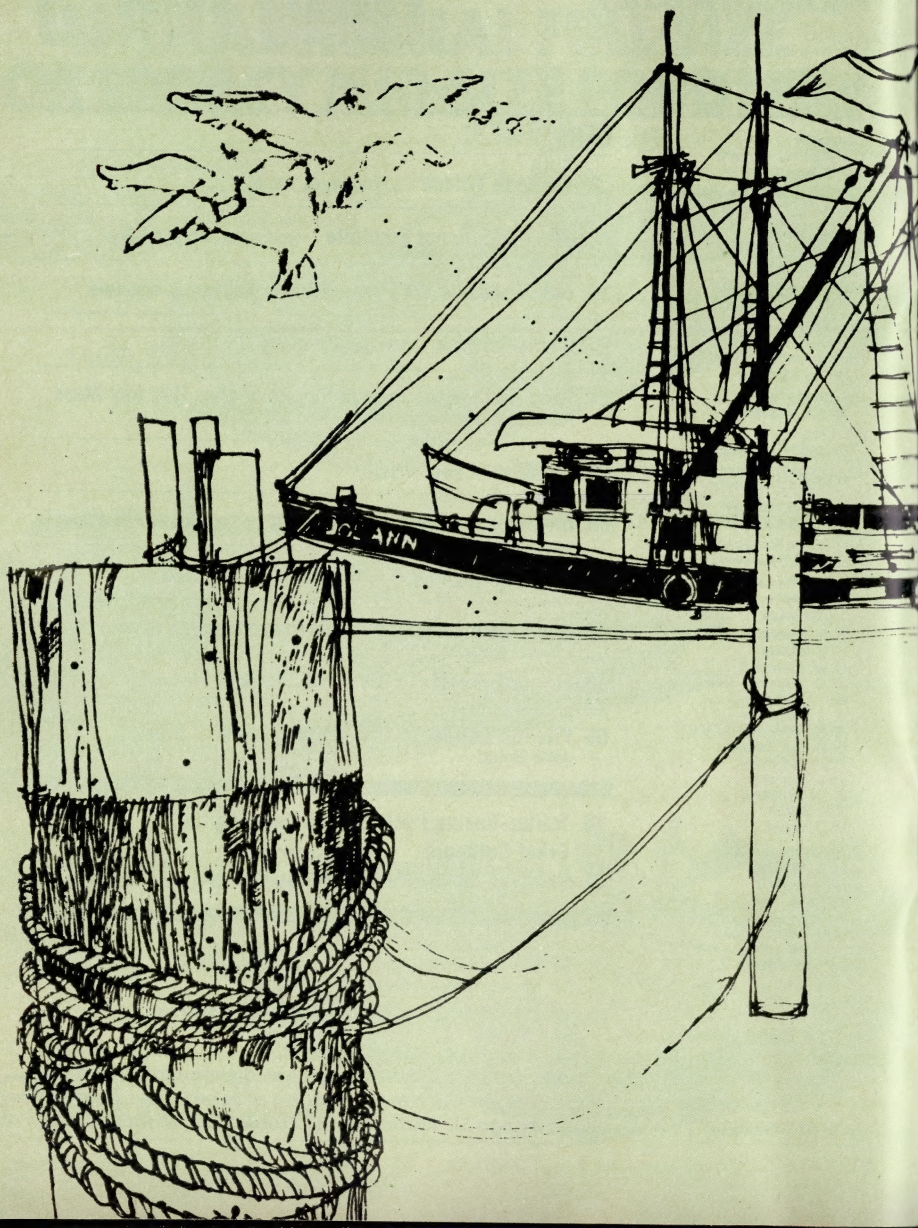
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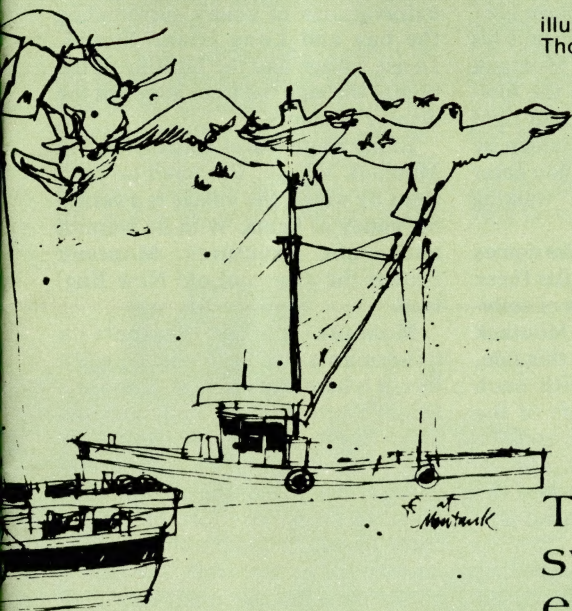
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by William G. Kelley

illustrations by
Thomas Sgouros



The
sweet
end of
Long Island—

Montauk Village

ONE HAS TO PASS the elegance of East Hampton, an East Coast bastion of the considerably rich, to get to Montauk Village on New York's Long Island. Once this forefingered point of land is reached, there is no turning back, not even to the elegance of East Hampton.

Montauk borrows from the past

and present, pleasantly assimilating both worlds in a unique vacation land along the Atlantic Coast. The village ranges from the wide golden beaches to the historic Montauk Lighthouse, which George Washington ordered built in 1796 for the sum of \$22,000. Montauk is truly a delight for followers of the summer sun who yearn for

the slow-moving pace of village life.

The Montauk explorer reaches his destination by taking Old Montauk Highway, which embraces the towering sand dunes and a terrain right out of the Scottish moors. Hidden by hills and homes just before you enter the village are the famous "walking dunes."

Lore has it that anyone who comes to Montauk and doesn't hike these dunes will be cursed for lack of ambition and imagination. The Montauk Indians are responsible for this tale, which has heightened with each march of the restless sands of the northwest winds of winter and the southwest winds of summer. The author J.A. Ayres best described the walking dunes: "Glittering sand hills built by roving winds."

Years ago, herds of stampeding animals traveled the curved Old Montauk Highway on their way to a summer fattening. The road twists and turns, rises through the bluffs of spectacular cliffs, and provides a panoramic view of virgin landscape and unspoiled beaches. Each undulation in the road gives credence to the growing story that this old highway is the American Riviera.

For more modern and direct drivers, there is the new Parkway, which, although not as enchantingly old world in its flight, does offer visitors a touch of the aesthetic. Just before one comes into the village there is an overlook that provides the traveler arriving at sunset with a wonderful view of the multi-sensory

extravaganza of colors surrounding the bay and Long Island Sound. Dense foliage and the buzzing of the breeze through the trees augment the display of colors.

Either route will eventually lead to Montauk Village. Bordered on both sides by water, the village is a veritable valley of lights. With its warmth and rustic structures, Montauk exudes the charm of old New England.

Montauk Harbor presents a fisherman's dream come true. In fact, it is here that many of America's fishing fleets drop their anchors and make their choice of inshore or offshore fishing, or small- and big-game fishing. Fishing aficionados come in large, comfortable, open party boats, first-class charter fishing boats or private craft. The record books of the International Game Fish Association currently show that Montauk holds 29 fishing world records. Only one other area—the 800-mile sweep of the Bahama Islands—exceeds Montauk in recognized fishing records.

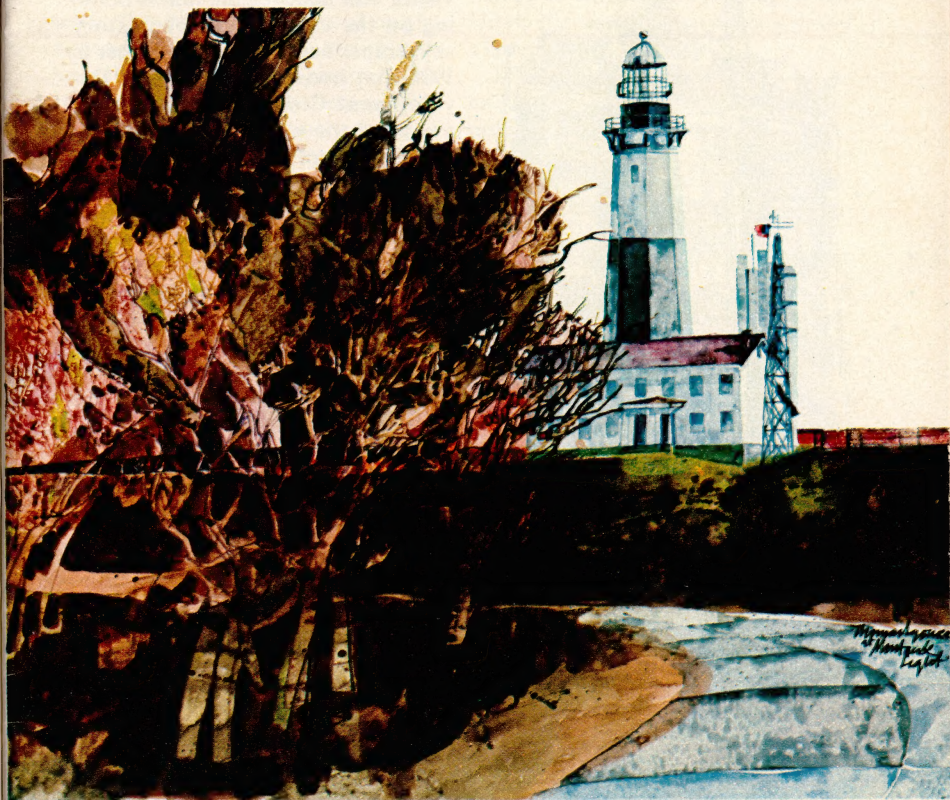
On a lazy morning, after a hearty breakfast, all roads beckon for a visit to historic Montauk Lighthouse, one of the principal attractions of this old village. Taking the new highway, the visitor will pass by the first cattle ranch established in the United States; today ranch hands are still galloping through its pastures. In 1898, Teddy Roosevelt chose this 40-acre area as the ideal location for rehabilitation and mustering-

out operations after the Spanish-American War.

Montauk Lighthouse sits gently on the Montauk Peninsula at Turtle Hill. The picnic grounds adjacent to the lighthouse offer an idyllic setting, Block Island Sound to the north, the Atlantic Ocean to the south, and the rip, where the sound and the ocean

meet, to the east. The paths and woods around the lighthouse are a haven for bird watchers, many of whom come annually to this paradise. The bird watcher's society of Montauk has identified 150 species of birds.

The nights are cool and lazy, inviting the visitor to dine leisurely and then take a stroll through the village.



A visit to Montauk is not complete without a stop at the world-famous Gurney's Inn, which was the setting for the novel *Montauk*.

Gurney's Inn is pleasantly elegant, sitting on a bluff overlooking the vast Atlantic Ocean and 1,000 feet of beautiful beach. Arriving early

enough, the diner can command a table looking out on this breathtaking sight. Somehow the food—though at Gurney's Inn it is consistently excellent—tastes better when the roar of the surf bounds up to the window. Gurney's also offers attractive shops in which to browse before or after dinner.

Then the walk through town. The visitor will uncover the tallest building on the east end, a seven-story skyscraper built by Charles Fisher in 1926 that housed the Montauk Development Company. Not too far away are the waters of Ford Pond, where many of Montauk's older and more gracious inns are situated. Boutique and curio shops dot the main street, presenting the vacationer with long hours of inspection (or even introspection).

The visitor will sleep well in





Montauk, sinking easily into rest with the help of the cool night breeze. Early morning rising can start the day off on the right foot. The brisk morning breeze buffets spirits, and if one is in an extremely energetic frame of mind, a three-mile jog along the surf is just the thing. The long Montauk coastline is ideal for jogging. And for the more extreme adventurer, the ocean water in the morning really wakes one up.

One of the more colorful spots in Montauk is the West Lake Fishing Lodge, where a breakfast can be accompanied by a seagull perched on a dock post right outside the window. The West Lake Fishing Lodge is a fisherman's home. A whirl of activity surrounds the place as fishing boats of all kinds and sizes are docked here. The environment of the lodge is honest and earthy. Wearing their well-used overalls and plaid shirts, the fishermen come in for coffee and a round of conversation with the waitresses.

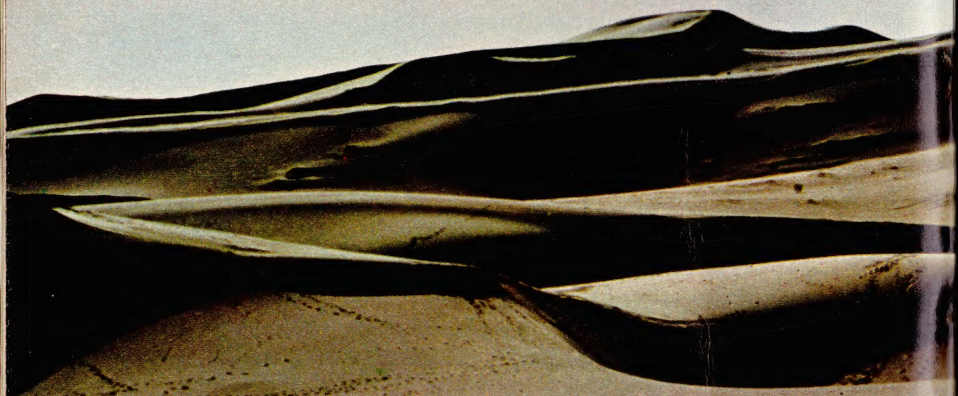
Afternoons in Montauk are ripe for bathers and worshippers of the sun. Montauk beaches are clean and expansive. The surf is ideal for riders of

waves or surfboards. Surfing in the Ditch Plains beach area is a grand experience.

During summer months, Montauk's average temperature is 18 degrees cooler than New York City's, and the sweet, pollen-free sea air lacks the uncomfortably high humidity usually found in hot summer seasons.

Even though much of Montauk activity seizes the summer season, the quaint village exhibits many other seasonal faces. Springtime offers fragrant blossoms, the lush foliage of the Juneberry trees and the unfolding of the fruit trees. After Labor Day, Montauk enjoys an uninhibited 60 days of beautiful Indian Summer. The Gulf Stream warms the waters and air, making swimming in September and October possible.

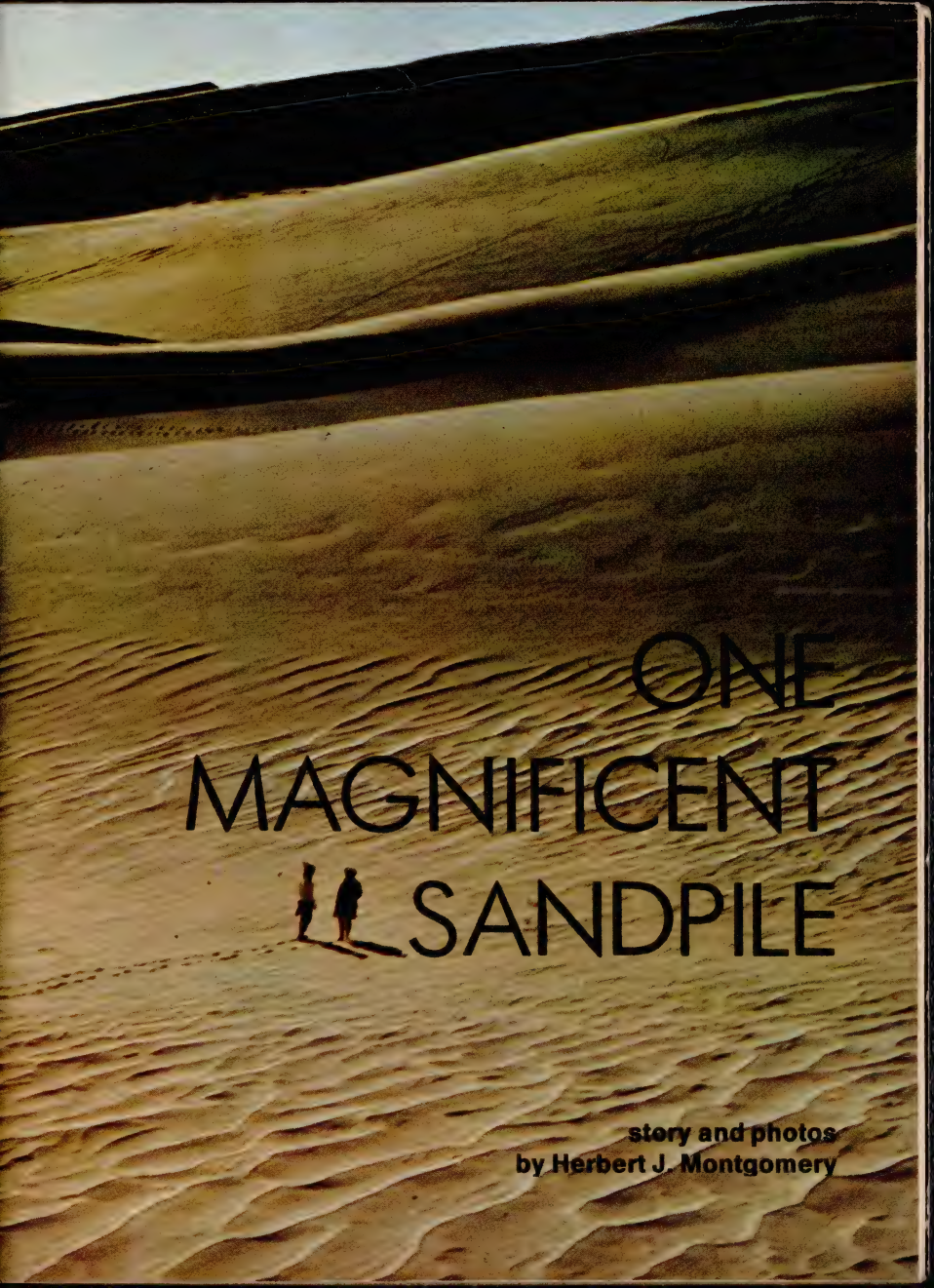
On the drive out of Montauk and toward home, the visitor once again passes by the elegant affluence of East Hampton. But even among all of this richness, the mind drifts back to Montauk Village and leaves one feeling revitalized by the pleasant ambience and charm of the old world. □



S AND HAS BEEN ONE of my "favorite things" since the day many years ago my father had three yards of it dumped beside our garage for a playpile. But what I saw, about 40 minutes north and east of Alamosa, Colorado, looked like the granddaddy of all sandpiles.

The Great Sand Dunes National Monument sprawls in windsculptured dunes over 36,000 acres. Some of the highest dunes, which rise to about 700 feet, contain a lot of castle-building material. Although we spent only one day in the dunes, we saw them change color from early morning brown to noon gold to deep evening purple.

The dunes are in the San Luis Valley, a desert about three times the size of Delaware. The valley is sur-

A large, undulating sand dune with two small figures standing on its slope. The dune's surface is covered in fine, rhythmic ripples. The sky is a pale, clear blue. The overall tone is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning light.

ONE MAGNIFICENT SANDPILE

story and photos
by Herbert J. Montgomery

rounded by various mountain ranges, and provides the three things needed to form natural dunes—wind, plenty of sand and a trap.

The trap is the lofty Sangre de Cristo Mountain Range to the east. For centuries, housekeeping winds have swept the land from the southwest, picking dust and sand from the valley floor. The winds whirl the dust up and through Music and Medano passes as well as others. The sand, too heavy for the wind to carry, ends up being trapped as dunes.

After leaving our car in the parking and picnic area near the base of the dunes, we took off on foot. The dunes are a hiker's delight because there aren't permanent trails. Night winds sweep them away. Anyone arriving early in the morning, as we did, is apt to find the sand footprint-free. For the most part, the sand is firm, but low boots are recommended for downhill runs.

In all, we spent about five hours in the main dunes. The varying patterns—from combed to mottled to rippled—gave us the feeling that we were hiking across a unique, living work of art. Like prospectors, we suspected that something to be discovered lay just beyond the crest of the next dune. The aftereffects of lightning, which fuses sand, can sometimes be found. But bear in mind that nothing can be taken from the monument area.

Medano Creek, which forms the eastern edge of the dunes, runs swift in the spring with melted mountain

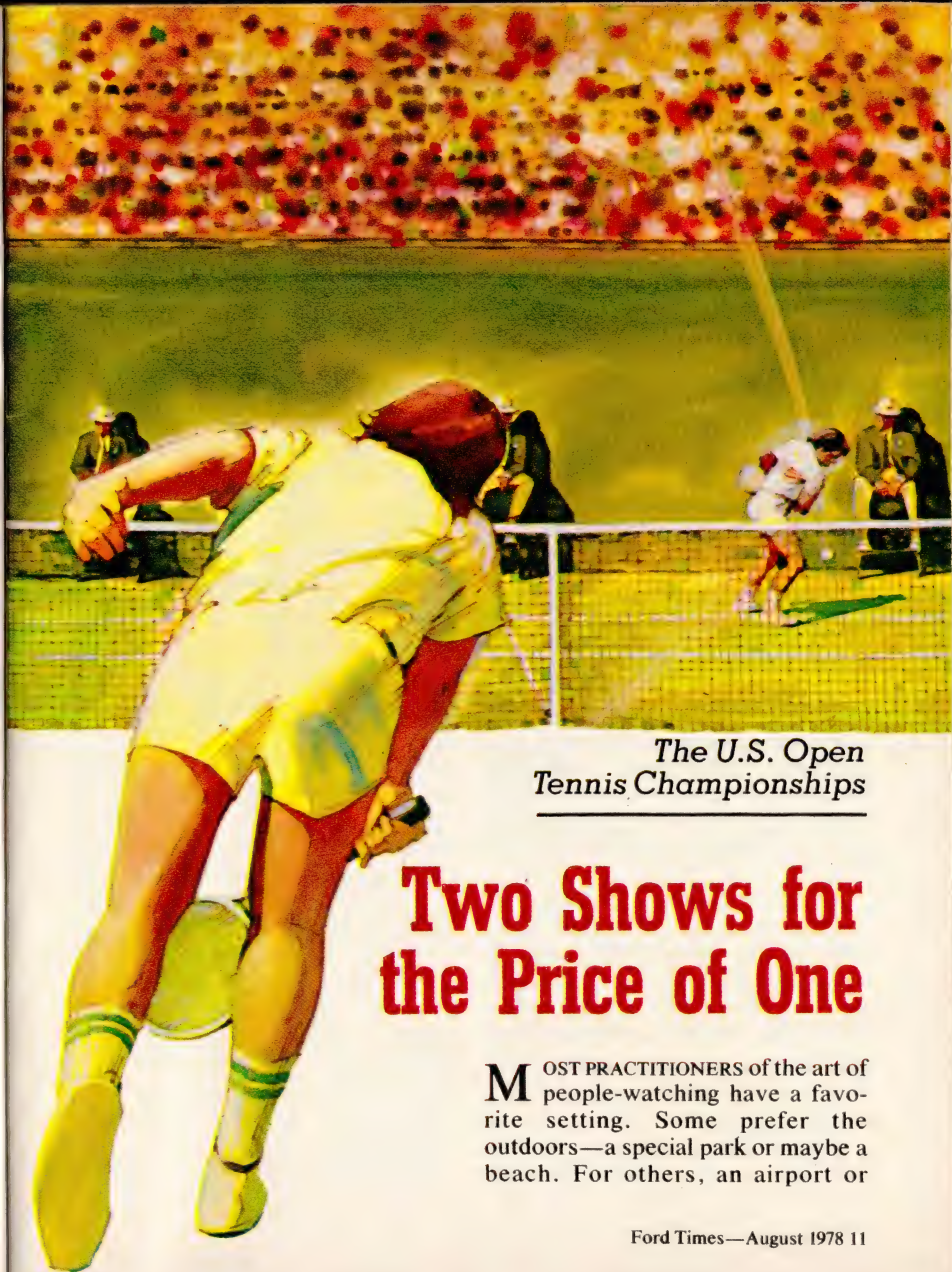
snow then disappears into the sand.

During the dry season, sand blows across the creek, forming more dunes at the edge of the mountain's forest belt. In this "Ghost Forest," sand is slowly burying the trees. All that is visible of some still-live 20- to 30-foot trees are "Christmas tree tops." Dead trees stick above the dunes as weathered spires. The junipers, piñons and ponderosas get grit-peppered by storm winds which sandblast away the softest wood. The harder remaining wood has a smooth, varnished feel. Mule deer, rabbits and squirrels seem to know they are protected in the forest belt. Deer came as close as 15 feet.

It is hard to believe that the valley scene is the same one early explorers viewed. Lt. Zebulon Pike, who was in the valley in the early 1800s, included descriptions of the dunes in his journal. Photos taken in 1927 show that the main dune mass remains little changed today.

Because it's impossible to map the dunes, each visitor, whether he comes for a day or stays to camp overnight, is an explorer. The dunes change shape with each shift in the wind. With more than 50 square miles of rising, falling, curving sands, this national monument has room for anyone who likes to hike, dig, explore or slide, or play in sand. It is one magnificent sandpile. □

For information, write San Luis Valley Tourist and Resort Association, P.O. Box 445, Alamosa, CO 81101.



*The U.S. Open
Tennis Championships*

Two Shows for the Price of One

MOST PRACTITIONERS of the art of people-watching have a favorite setting. Some prefer the outdoors—a special park or maybe a beach. For others, an airport or



by Michael E. Maattala

illustrations by
Max Altekruze

sprawling shopping center will do just fine. Me? I like to follow the sporting crowd to its stadiums and arenas. That way, I always get two shows for the price of one.

Last summer I followed the crowd to Forest Hills, New York, for the U.S. Open Tennis Championships. After more than half a century the West Side Tennis Club was bowing out as host to the prestigious tournament, and tennis fans from around the world were in town for one last look.

It is a late Sunday morning, mid-way through the 12-day competition. Already the line of ticket holders outside the stadium is long. The line stretches down 69th Street, bends around the corner at Dartmouth and continues on past several huge trucks—command center for the network televising the matches.

Many of the people in line are dressed as if they, themselves, will be competing here today. The men

wear the latest in color-coordinated shirts and shorts; the women wear chic tennis dresses. Sun visors and floppy hats abound, as do tennis shoes.

Finally I am inside the horseshoe-shaped stadium and at my seat. Several rows of box seats lie in front of me. Behind, bleacher seats stretch up to the rim of the stadium. Down at court level, rows of chairs for the well-to-do fans line the walls, and potted plants add touches of color to the scene.

A young girl sitting in front of me has her head buried in a program. I look at mine. The schedule of matches for this afternoon reads like a *Who's Who in Tennis*: Borg, Connors, Evert. And a young superstar-to-be named Tracy Austin.

As the starting time for Austin's match draws near, 12 officials—10 linesmen, one net judge, one umpire—enter the stadium and walk stiffly to their positions around the court. I try to think of another sport with such a ratio of athletes to officials, but can't.

Play begins and the dominant sounds in the stadium are those of the



court action—the sliding of tennis shoe over the gritty, clay-like surface, the *thwack* of racquet meeting ball. It's easy to feel the rhythm of the game: slide, hit, slide, hit.

The match goes to Austin in little more than an hour. When it's over, the fans get up and stretch. Many head for the refreshment stands beneath the stadium. The sky is clear, the temperature in the 80s. It will be a long afternoon of tennis.

The next match features Bjorn Borg. As he comes out onto the court wearing a plaid shirt, the woman next to me remarks to a friend, "That's the most popular shirt this year." Her comment reminds me of a prediction by the head of a New York-based sportswear firm that the brightly colored tennis outfits of the day would soon be out of style. To be replaced by what color? Why, traditional white, said the executive.

As the match progresses, the crowd oohs and aahs at Borg's play. After a long rally, he slams a hard shot down the line for a winner. A woman nearby bubbles to no one in particular, "Like a tiger he waits, then wham!" When Borg goes ahead

comfortably in his match, a young man in front of me tells his son, "Let's go watch Billie Jean play." They get up and head for the courts outside the stadium. I follow them part of the way; for me, it is time to pause in the cool of the stadium's belly.

It is a small arcade there. There are refreshment stands selling beer, pop, ice cream, hot dogs and assorted other foods. Down the aisle a ways, fans jam three-deep in front of a booth selling T-shirts with the inscription '77 U.S. OPEN, FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK. And there are other booths, with names such as "Tennis Shoe Try On" and "Racquet Bar." At "Tennis Shoe Try On," a small boy and his father sit in chairs as if they're at the local shoe store. "These are the ones I want," says the boy as he slips on a white leather shoe. The father picks up the other shoe, looks at the price tag and winces.

After a few more minutes, I head back up to my seat for the next match—Jimmy Connors. Again, fashion, of all things, is the topic of conversation around me. Connors is



wearing the shirt he usually does—white with red and blue stripes—and a woman a few seats over says to her husband, “You know, honey, all the tennis players must have their lucky shirts.” I wonder to myself how Connors will look in white.

While the match goes on, I spot an elderly gentleman a couple rows in front of me. He looks in his 70s and is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and dark blue tie. The brim of a brown straw hat shades his eyes from the sun. It is strange watching him, because no matter what happens on the court, he displays no emotion. He doesn’t clap, doesn’t frown, doesn’t grimace. I speculate a bit: He’s smoldering inside, but the cool appearance comes from years of controlling his feelings on the court. Was the game ever fun for him?

Connors wins his match handily. As he and his opponent leave the court, two women in their 40s settle into seats in the row behind me. “Here she comes,” one of them an-

nounces as Chris Evert makes her appearance. Says the other, “I saw her practicing at the club this morning. She hits *so hard*.”

The reference to “the club” makes me think about all of the people who make up today’s crowd. Is there a one of them who has never held a tennis racquet in hand, be it an expensive new graphite model or a 20-year-old relic dragged out of the attic? I think, too, about where they’ve played. The answer, for many, would be *the club*. Others undoubtedly have felt only the concrete of public courts under their feet. And I’m sure there are some around me whose only opponent has been a stubborn back-alley wall that never gets suckered.

Evert, too, wins easily. I leave the stadium and wander among the outer courts. Some have just a handful of fans at them—no-name players are competing. Other courts feature popular players and are jammed with fans. Suddenly I notice a commotion on the walkway nearby. Billie Jean King is approaching, surrounded by tournament officials. A small red-haired girl rushes up and bravely thrusts a program at her. Billie Jean signs it and a few others, then is off with her escorts before the fans can engulf her.

As I continue along in the crowd, I think of the winners that I have seen today: Austin, Borg, Connors, Evert. Forest Hills. And a little red-head clutching a piece of paper with a name scribbled on it. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

"HOOPAI SHOOPAI!"—That shout from the musicians means it's Polka Time! More than 60 bands from across the United States and Canada will appear at the second annual National Polka Festival at Hunter, New York, August 18-27 (closed Monday). The festival will also include working craftsmen, puppets, mimes, hang-gliding demonstrations, import shops and an abundance of ethnic food. A full-color brochure and an area housing and campground listing are available free from National Polka Festival, Inc., Main Street, Hunter, New York 12442.

FOR MAP-MINDED TRAVELERS—A map case filled with 34 Amoco maps covering the 48 contiguous states plus four regional maps of the United States is available from *Wheeler's Guides*. The case is made of sturdy brown vinyl with black trim, and is 11 inches high, 12 inches wide and five inches deep. Priced at \$18.95, the case and maps can be obtained from Wheelers, 222 South Prospect, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068. Orders should show a location address for United Parcel Service delivery.

WHERE TO CAMP—Rhode Island—with more than 4,000 tent and trailer sites available in 38 state, municipal and private family campground/mobile home areas—is offering its 1978 edition of *Camping in Rhode Island*. The free guide notes the names, locations, fees, facilities and services of the campgrounds. Write to Camping Desk, Tourist Promotion Division, Department of Economic Development, One Weybosset Hill, Providence, Rhode Island 02903. Telephone requests may be made by calling (401) 277-2601. East Coast residents from Maine through Virginia (except Rhode Island) may call, toll free, 800-556-2484.

SHOPPING IN CHICAGO—A new shopping guide to Chicago, designed for the convenience of visitors, is now available from the Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau. The guide contains descriptions of a great variety of shopping establishments, from large department stores to specialty shops featuring antiques, art, Oriental rugs, plants, toys and much more. The guide also lists city parking facilities, and each listing is keyed to one of three maps: State Street, North Michigan Avenue and metro-Chicago. For a free copy, write Shopping Guide, Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau, 332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604 or phone (312) 922-3530.

Trailer-Towing Packages for



Pinto is ideally suited for towing tent campers and other trailers weighing less than 1,000 pounds

by Cara L. Kazanowski

SINCE THE DAYS OF covered wagons pulled by oxen, horses and mules, Americans have been trailering off to far horizons. Then, it was usually to start a new life.

Today, Americans are on the move even more than in the past. But, now it's usually to enjoy life—camping, boating, hunting or backpacking.

"It's no surprise," says Robert C. Honke, Ford Division recreation vehicle sales manager, "that sales of recreation vehicles are running at a 580,000-rate this year—ahead of the

Enjoying the Great Outdoors



The LTD station wagon can tow up to 7,000 pounds when equipped with a Heavy-Duty Trailer Towing Package

industry's previous sales record and well-recovered from the doldrums of the mid-1970s.

"Although large motorhomes and traveler trailers will continue to sell well in the coming years, smaller, more efficient tent campers, trailers and mini-homes will experience the most dramatic sales gains through

the mid-1980s," Mr. Honke predicts.

"All of Ford's light trucks, vans and cars—from Pinto on up—can be equipped to tow tent and light-duty trailers and sporting equipment, while the F-350 pickup and Econoline Van with proper equipment can tow weights of 10,000 pounds," he adds.

Pinto and Mustang II—with recommended equipment such as optional Cruise-O-Matic transmission—can handle trailers, sailboats and powerboats weighing up to 1,000 pounds.

Cruise-O-Matic features the convenience of automatic shifting and the versatility of manual gear selection to help minimize the stress of added loads. The driver thus can select the gear best suited for road and load conditions.

Properly equipped Fairmont and Granada can pull 2,000-pound loads.

Trailer-towing packages for the mid-size LTD II, Thunderbird and Ranchero enable towing up to 6,000 pounds.

Any of the six family-size 1978 LTD models can tow up to 2,000 pounds without special trailer towing equipment but, when equipped with the optional Heavy-Duty Trailer Towing Package, can tow up to 7,000 pounds. The LTD also is the only car in its price class with an optional 7.5-litre (460 CID) engine.

Ford offers two trailer towing packages for Broncos, Econoline Vans, Club Wagons and pickup trucks. The Light-Duty Trailer Towing Package is designed to meet the needs of the camping or boating enthusiast whose towing demands don't exceed 2,000 pounds. And the Heavy-Duty Trailer Towing Package is for the buyer wanting to tow any of a wide variety of heavier trailers.

Here is a list of some of the heavy-duty components and their func-

tions in Ford's trailer towing packages. Your Ford dealer can describe the specific package content for each vehicle as well as make recommendations regarding additional optional equipment.

Heavy-Duty Suspension includes higher-rate springs and heavy-duty shock absorbers in some trailer towing packages which help support the additional loads.

Heavy-Duty Frame helps distribute towing loads between the vehicle's axles when a weight-distributing hitch is used.

Wide Rim Wheels improve resistance to vehicle side sway which may occur when pulling trailers.

High Capacity Alternator and Battery help assure adequate power for the extra demands made by your trailer's lights and electric brakes.

Trailer Wiring Harness with seven wires runs to the rear of the vehicle to supply power to your trailer. An additional wire terminates under the dash for easy installation of a controller for electric trailer brakes.

Trailer Towing Axle in Ford LTD, LTD II, Thunderbird and Ranchero, has a higher ratio, except in California, to increase pulling power and reduce engine load.

Transmission Oil Cooler helps maintain the efficiency of Cruise-O-Matic transmission under the added stress of trailer towing by dissipating extra heat from the transmission fluid.

Heavy-Duty Flasher maintains strong electric pulse for emergency

flashing lights on your vehicle and trailer.

Ammeter and Oil Pressure Gauges tell whether your tow vehicle's electrical and lubricating systems are functioning properly.

Special Cooling Packages help dissipate extra heat developed by the engine.

If you'd like more information on trailer towing—and on Ford's complete lineup of recreation vehicles—stop by your Ford dealer to get a

free copy of the 36-page, four-color brochure, *1978 Ford Recreation Vehicles*. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

A properly equipped Fairmont can tow up to 2,000 pounds





CHOKE- CHERRIES

ONE OF MY MOST vivid late-summer memories is of a brown bear comfortably sitting by a bush near a Wyoming road. Oblivious to passing cars, he was scooping whole clusters of red berries into his mouth with obvious relish.

What were these berries? They were chokecherries and like the epicurean bear, I, too, seek them every year.

Some years ago a friend introduced me to chokecherry jelly—a clear, deep scarlet confection that turns even mundane toast and jelly into something special. Furthermore, good friend that she is, she told me how to recognize chokecherry shrubs and where to find them, and guided me during my first efforts at making jelly.

I was in Montana then but I could have been in almost any state of the

union, Canada, Europe, or Asia. Called *Prunus virginiana* by botanists, the chokecherry is one of the most widespread shrubs known to man.

Chokecherry shrubs look very much like cultivated cherry trees with straight trunks and low branches. On the dry mountain slopes of the Southwest, they are only a few feet tall. Where water is more abundant, they can grow 20 to 25 feet tall.

The chokecherry bark is dark and fissured. It has a strong, disagreeable odor, faintly reminiscent of oldtime cough remedies. Indeed, flavoring from the bark has often been used in cough syrups.

Since chokecherry and rose plants are in the same family, their leaves are similar except in size. Choke-



They make delicious jelly and syrup

cherry leaves are larger—two to four inches long and about one inch wide. They are oval, oblong, and serrated. Dark green and lustrous on top, chokecherry leaves are a pale green on the underside. In fall they are clear yellow.

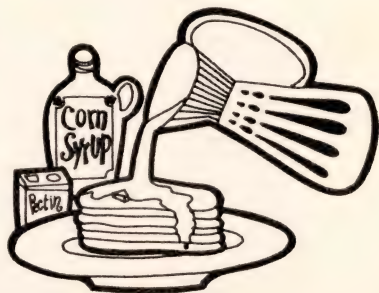
Chokecherries flower between April and June. The flowers bloom in clusters. Each is five-petaled.

After the flowering season, chokecherries are most recognizable when loaded with ripe fruit in late summer or early fall. The little cherries are pea-size but in conspicuous clusters. Depending on the stage of ripeness, they can be light red, deeper scarlet red, or almost black.

Chokecherry trees or shrubs grow abundantly in many national forests where you can pick them without a permit. If they are on private land,

you should, of course, obtain permission from the owner before picking.

The first time I picked chokecherries, they looked so tasty I plopped one into my mouth. Just as quickly, I spit it out. Obviously, my tastes differed from those of that roadside bear! Although chokecherries are





mostly seed, their small amount of fleshy fruit is a bit like an astringent in berry form.

Processing into jelly or syrup, however, can change this flavor incredibly. This is the way I do it:

First, extract the juice. To do this, wash the cherries and remove stems. Then run whole cherries through the coarse blade of a food grinder. Place the ground-up cherries in a large container and cover with boiling water, using $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water for each cup of cherries. Let stand, covered, overnight. The next day strain through clean cloth or jelly bag, saving the juice and throwing away the squeezed-out solid material.

To make jelly, measure $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar into a dry container and set aside. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice and $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups chokecherry juice into a 6- or 8-quart kettle. If a bit short of juice, fill the last cup with water or other juice to equal exact amount.

Add to this 1 package dry pectin. Stir well to dissolve. Place over high heat. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly to avoid scorching. Add measured sugar. Mix well. Continue stirring and bring to a full, rolling boil that cannot be stirred down. Boil hard exactly 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Skim foam. Pour jelly into prepared jelly glasses or jars. Seal with paraffin or canning lids. This makes eight 6-ounce glasses of deep red jelly.

The simplest way to make chokecherry syrup is to heat 1 cup of the juice with 1 cup of sugar. Serve

over waffles, pancakes or desserts.

I made syrup that simple way for years but now have a more refined method that makes a thicker syrup. Into a large pan, measure 4 cups chokecherry juice. Add 1 package dry pectin and stir to dissolve. Add 1 cup white corn syrup and bring to a boil. Add 4 cups sugar all at once and boil 3 or 4 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars or bottles. To store for long periods, seal with canning lids. Chokecherry syrup can be stored unsealed in the refrigerator for up to 2 months.

If you should decide to "put by" some chokecherry jelly or syrup in the coming season, please leave some fruit on the trees for the birds and other wildlife. Thinking of that brown bear I saw, I realize that just like you and me, he was simply "putting food by" for the long winter ahead. □



They Don't Make Family Reunions

by Ruth Schenley



illustrations by Randall McKissick

Like This Any More



I PROBABLY ATTENDED my first family reunion the summer after I was born—back in 1913. I hope to make my last one memorable by comfortably sleeping off a full stomach some 30-odd years from now.

In the old days—in the Twenties and earlier—the family reunion was a red-letter day, and the warm season was full of them, just like three months of Sundays. In my own clan—on both sides of the house—there were the Stewart Reunion, the Waychoff Reunion, the Rich-Morrison Reunion, the Knight Reunion, the Rush Reunion, the Spragg Reunion, and a host of others so branched off in all directions that a stranger would never believe one person could be related to so many other living people.

The reunion was usually held in a church, a picnic ground or a park, or on someone's big lawn. The attendance was magnificent—50 to 150 people to exchange reminiscences, gossip, play games, and eat.

It was the food that interested me most, although it was always fun to play with the cousins. We usually arrived at the reunion site around 10:30 in the morning, cars and buggies loaded down with children and picnic baskets. If you were on the program you came earlier. My dad and mom were usually on the program. Later on I got into the act because I could do dramatic readings. But my first impressions and fondest memories concern the food. Nobody ever contributed less than the best and lots of it.

The early arrivals started setting up the tables and unpacking. The children were quiet at first because we had all been warned to "behave—or else!" So we remained clean and dutiful until later in the day. Besides all that, there was the ordeal of "kid-pinching" to be survived without losing our status as sweet little mouths to be fed.

Kid-pinching was a bit like running the gauntlet. Here were these scattered rows of nice little old ladies and gentlemen who hadn't seen you for a year, and you were led along to meet them after your parents had shaken their hands vigorously with compliments and inquiries: "Aunt Lib, you don't look a day older," "Cousin Bill, heard your lambs came through in great shape," "How's the trick knee, Joe—think you can still fling a shoe?"

These exchanges were followed by: "This is little Ruth," or, "Is this little Ruth?" And the next remark was always, "My, how she has grown." (Pinch, pinch.)

Anyone who flinched or sobbed was promptly demoted to crybaby. Our elders felt us over like prize farm stock, estimating our weight and physical condition.

"Been feeding you well, sweetie?" (Pinch, pinch.)

"My, my! such dimples." (Pinch, pinch.)

"You take after your dad's side of the house for fleshiness." (Pinch, pinch.)

"Getting to be a big girl now, eh?"

(Pinch, pinch.)

And so on and on, all down the field—clasped to smothering bosoms, tossed by brawny arms, and always, always pinched. "Like the witch in 'Hansel and Gretel'," my cousin Kate used to whisper. "They want to see if we are fat enough to fry."

Around noon the big event began. First there was the speech of welcome by the clan chief—sometimes elected, but usually the oldest coherent member. This was followed by a prayer by the erudite or religious—there was at least one preacher in every family. Some of the graces said were short and sweet. Others were long and dreary, but we youngsters kept our heads bowed and our eyes glued tight to prevent even one second's delay. We were so hungry and well-behaved it was pathetic. After the vigorous "Amen!" some old cornball always shouted, "Pitch in!" And we did.

In those days cooks were cooks and they were vying with each other. First came the meats. There were platters and platters of fried chicken, sliced ham, and cold sliced beef. There were umpteen meat loaves, either in casserole or on platter. Each one tasted different. A smart kid took a half slice of each. The same applied to the baked beans—a wee dip of every dish. The potato salads were colorful and varied. So were the deviled eggs. I became a connoisseur of potato salad and deviled eggs. To this day I boast that I can

create a potato salad or deviled egg for every palate.

Then came the side vegetables: new peas, green beans, sweet corn dishes, succotash—you name it, we had it. There were vegetables and gelatin salads of every description, coleslaw, cucumbers in cream, cottage cheese, "store" cheese concoctions, rolls and sandwiches for people who like bread accompaniment.

Then came the desserts: puddings, fruit combinations, compotes, applesauce, pies of all kinds, towering cakes superbly iced, and cookies the like and number of which are to be found in no modern recipe book. I mustn't begin to try to describe or list the pickles, jams, jellies, preserves and relishes—it would take forever.



I am talking about times past, before oven regulators came into vogue, before cake mixes, and even before vegetable shortening. Almost everything was home grown and home crafted. Who today brings wild blackberry cake made with lard? Or wild strawberry trifle, or hickory nut cookies? Where is the genuine whipped cream from Jersey cows?

We had the program while recovering from over-eating. We sat there torpid and lazy, half asleep in the shade, listening with half an ear or no ear at all to the genealogical reports, necrological reports and news of additions to the family. There were reminiscences of (ha!) "the good old days" by everyone over 70. We sang hymns with meaningful lines like "Shall we gather at the river," "There's a church in the valley by the wildwood," "Out of the ivory palaces into a world of woe," and, "Oh love that will not let me go." Someone was always there with a piano or pump organ hauled in on a wagon or truck, and, as with preachers, we had a choir director in every family.

A couple of hours of this, and we had digested enough to come back to life and play games. Then we kids went wild, ran screaming about, and ruined our good clothes. The men pitched horseshoes, while the women sat gossiping and exchanging recipes. Some reunions held organized games—sack races and potato rollers—but most of us drew our pleasure from our peers, and the

grouping fell together naturally.

By 5 o'clock we had put it all away for another year and went home to feed the stock, milk the cows, and entertain the folks from Pittsburgh, New York, and points north, east, south and west who usually stayed the night.

It's still going on around here, of course. We are a close-knit community. But the heyday of the family reunion was from the middle of the second decade of this century to the early Thirties. The people have faded in the mind like ancient daguerreotypes, but the memory pictures of the food they brought lingers on forever.

Who again could make such burnt-sugar cake as Euphen Scott? Who could combine three kinds of mellow balls with cottage cheese like Nora Waychoff? Who bakes lemon cookies like Mama? What was the secret of Mary Wells' baked beans? What did Meg put in her lattice-top rhubarb custard pies that won all the prizes at feasts and fairs?

Listen now, cousin, friend—whoever you are and wherever you are—come back to the family reunion. Let us try again in the wisdom of our maturity. The magic is still there awaiting your return. Bring enough to feed your immediate family and guests, with table service for each, and anything else you can think of. I'll bring the deviled eggs and the potato salad. Come to Greene County. Come to the reunion. □

THE 115-DEGREE HEAT of Las Vegas had been quite enervating after the pleasant coolness of our own Puget Sound area, and our host had suggested we take the cooler scenic mountain route to Reno. Though we started our trip early in the morning, the sun's rays were already announcing this would be another scorcher. We were thankful our new station wagon had an air conditioner. It had functioned well, doing all we had asked of it during the high climbs of Bryce and Zion parks in Utah.

So it was with light hearts we bid our host goodbye. We had been treated royally in Vegas; now we looked forward to our stay in Reno. In the back of our station wagon was

a large container of water we had been told all desert travelers should carry. There was also an ice chest containing our lunch, as we preferred to find a shady spot or sparkling stream for our lunchtime repast. We enjoyed this break in our travels, finding it more relaxing to commune with nature during this one meal each day.

It had cooled perceptibly by the time we drove past Beatty, but the heat was still quite oppressive as we started looking for a shady place to have our lunch. We had seen no sign of habitation for some time.

As we rounded a bend in the road we were astonished to see a big brown dog loping down the middle of the road toward us. We slowed to a

by Betty Pike



illustrations by Garry Colby

OLD BLUE





stop as he advanced in eager greeting. The hot sun seemed to have taken its toll: With his tongue hanging out and his ribs prominent, he looked painfully gaunt and forlorn. As we got out he greeted us with joy, and we wondered at his one eye encircled with green moss. From what we had seen of this arid section of the country it seemed highly unlikely that there would be dampness of any kind around. Yet he disinterestedly lapped at the water we offered him; obviously he wasn't very thirsty.

After some discussion we decided we just couldn't leave him in this hot forsaken wilderness. As we opened the car door for him, he looked at us quizzically as if to say, "What took you so long?" He then settled himself with aplomb, taking up the entire back seat as though it were his rightful place. We drove on in search of any shade where we could share our lunch with this dog who looked so in need of food.

After driving several miles, we came upon a small shady setting by the side of the road. Nestled in the trees was a small mobile home and we happily drove into the yard, hoping we had found the dog's home.

Two young girls, perhaps 8 or 10 years old, crisply neat and hair up in rollers, were in the yard. They ran in to get their mother, then all came out together, faces wreathed in smiles. As they came, the mother hollered over to her husband, "Blue's been rescued again!" We were laughingly informed that this big brown dog was

named Blue, that he belonged to an old prospector who lived 10 miles away, and that he was well-fed. The father drove up on his tractor and explained there was a watering trough back down the road about two miles, and that old Blue would go to the trough each day and jump in for a swim. The mystery of the moss-encircled eye was solved. After his swim, Blue would then start hitchhiking. We were told, however, that old Blue was very selective—he would ride only in new cars or new trucks. This was the second time Blue had been rescued that day, and it was obvious that his escapades delighted the family. The only one who objected was their own dog, who thought Blue was getting too much attention.

To appease their dog, we decided to drive Blue back to the watering trough and leave him there. So, armed with their directions we retraced our path. As we drove along we wondered about the family, regretting that we had not found out what had prompted them to settle in this wilderness area. We hoped Blue would continue to bring many more rescuers into their yard to brighten their lives.

When we reached the watering trough, we got out, took pictures of Blue, petted him and said our good-byes. As we got into the car, he tried to get back into it, too. Old Blue followed us till we were out of sight, and we felt just a little sad that our time together had been so brief. □

by H. E. Steele

THERE IS always room for improvement. Perhaps that adage inspired Ford designers and engineers to come up with a couple of the better Better Ideas of 1978: the

Super Wagon to top off the Club Wagon series and the Super Van to cap the Econoline Van series. But in this case, the adage can be modified to read: Sometimes room *is* improvement.

Room, and plenty of it, is what makes these new vehicles super.

Ford's Super Wagon has room for seating 15 adults

VEHICLES for the



Swiveling Captain's Chairs are optional

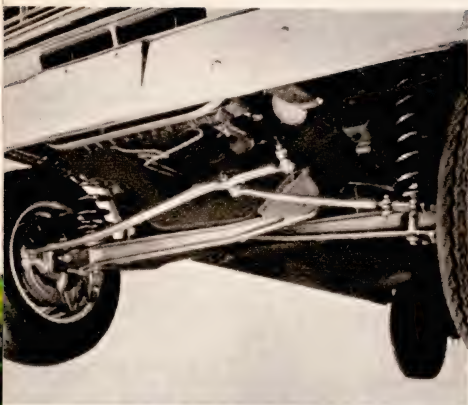
Thanks to the 20 inches added to the regular length of the 138-inch wheel-base-model Club Wagons and Econoline Vans, Ford's new 1978 Super Wagon and Super Van provide an overall length of 227 inches.

This extension of the Club Wagon gives the Super Wagon the capacity



Pursuit of Happiness





Independent Twin-I-Beam axles

(with optional seats) to carry 15 adult passengers—welcome news for car poolers and others who transport small groups.

And commercial and other users of the Econoline Super Van, winner of *Motor Trend* magazine's 1978 "Truck of the Year" award, will find plenty of ways to use the Super Van's extra 20 inches of interior room that provide 14.5 feet of load space and a rated maximum cargo volume of 347 cubic feet (45 more than the regular van's) without the optional, right-hand passenger seat.

The Super Wagon and Super Van are the latest in the many new designs, features, options and accessories that Ford has developed for its light-truck vehicles. And there's no secret why these Better Ideas keep coming: The demand for van-type vehicles has been soaring, and to meet it, Ford Motor Company in-

creased its plant capacity so that more Econoline Vans and Club Wagons will be available this model year.

A recent *Fortune* magazine article analyzing Americans' love affair with light trucks and their many variations said the availability of these vehicles came at a time when "Americans were redefining 'mobility,' always one of the most cherished routes for the pursuit of happiness." According to the article, mobility has come to mean not just getting somewhere but also "a more purposeful sort of leisure-time motion with a variety of specific goals."

"People were spending more time out-of-doors," the article went on, "typically in remote settings that required the long-distance hauling of ...boats, off-road motorcycles or great mounds of camping equipment. Others were devoted to ambitious do-it-yourself projects—building additions to homes, erecting summer cabins—or venting their acquisitive urges upon numerous objects that needed to be lugged from here to there."

This shift in our national "life style" has presented a challenge that the Ford Division is happy to meet. So even if you don't need the extra space of the Super Wagon or Super Van, you'll find plenty of appeal and versatility in the regular versions of the Club Wagon and Econoline Van. Both vehicles are available in four models—E-100, E-150, E-250 and E-350—with wheelbases of 124 or 138 inches.

New product features for this year are highlighted by an optional, floor-mounted, four-speed overdrive manual transmission, improved torque converters on the optional Cruise-O-Matic transmission, and a modified steering column with added car-type features. Other new options include a five-position tilt steering wheel for easier access, sporty 10-hole forged aluminum wheels, a locking inside hood release, a chrome-plated rear step bumper and a new Tu-Tone paint treatment.

Radio options added for 1978 include a Citizens Band radio with remote-mounted chassis, an AM digital clock radio that shows the time or radio frequency on a digital display and an AM/FM multiplex stereo radio with a cassette or an eight-track tape player.

There are three trim levels for both vehicles—standard, Custom and the deluxe Chateau—and three engine choices—the standard 4.9-litre (300

CID) six-cylinder and the optional 5.8 litre (351 CID) and 7.5-litre (460 CID) V-8s. Air conditioning, optional insulation packages, power steering, a front stabilizer bar and an auxiliary 18-gallon fuel tank (on 138-inch wheelbase only) are among other featured options.

Both the Club Wagon and the Econoline Van have bodies mounted on a separate frame, a well-tested method of construction. Front suspension is the famous Ford Twin-I-Beam, and ignition is the DuraSpark solid-state system. The engines are out front, providing easy access and also providing move-around room inside. The standard transmission is three-speed manual.

The Club Wagon and Econoline Van can be outfitted with two trailer-towing packages. The Light Duty Package (rated to tow trailers up to 2,000 pounds) includes an extra cooling radiator, a wiring harness and a heavy-duty flasher. The Heavy

Econoline Van with Free Wheeling Exterior Package and owner-added paint stripes



Duty Package (rated to tow trailers up to 6,000 pounds with the E-150 model, 8,000 pounds with the E-250 and 10,000 with the E-350 Van) includes the features of the Light Duty Package plus an auxiliary oil cooler, heavy-duty shock absorbers, a 68-ampere-hour battery, a 90-ampere alternator, ammeter and oil pressure gauges and dual electric horns.

(Owners interested in motor home or camper conversions will find their Ford dealers can assist them in adapting either the Club Wagon or Econoline Van for those purposes.)

The Standard Club Wagon seats five adult passengers, but options boost passenger capacity to eight or 12 adults (not including the 15-passenger Super Wagon version). The optional Captain's Chairs for the driver and front passenger have swivel action and fold-down arm rests.

Options for the Econoline Van are designed to increase the serviceability and comfort of this vehicle whether you use it for work or for personal traveling, and in either case, your hard-working van needn't be a "plain Jane" in appearance. Portholes are a popular Econoline option, but some prefer vans with the windows all-around option, or the Display Van option that provides windows in all doors plus right-hand bodyside windows.

The snazzy Free Wheeling Van options in 1978 include an Interior Free Wheeling Package with full-length carpeting, front-door trim panels and the Deluxe Insulation Package.

There is also an Exterior Free Wheeling Package with four five-slot forged aluminum wheels, raised-white-letter tires and a foam-padded simulated leather sport steering wheel. The lower bodyside panel is black and bordered by a half-inch black stripe. The decorative theme continues with a blackout grille plus black-painted bumpers and mirrors. (This option is available on the E-100 and E-150 with standard or Custom trim.)

The '78 Cruising Van option includes two Captain's Chairs, full-length carpeting, deluxe insulation package with woodgrain vinyl paneling and sport steering wheel. For the outside of the Cruising Van, there are two choices of three-color tape stripes—Orange/Chamois/Russet or Blue/White/Green. The Cruising Van also comes with portholes, four 10-hole (or five-slot) forged aluminum wheels and black bumpers, black grille and black mirror casing.

It's a real pleasure to sit down and figure out which Club Wagon or Econoline Van best suits your needs, and then to outfit and design that Club Wagon or Econoline Van to suit your tastes. And what is most pleasurable is that you can make these choices confident that your vehicle is a member of the tough Ford truck family. It's a big happy family: According to cumulative registrations as of July 1, 1976, there are more Ford vans on the road than any other make. □



MICKEY'S YEAR-LONG BIRTHDAY PARTY

ONLY A VERY special mouse could keep from getting frazzled on a schedule that calls for attending two birthday parties every day 3,000 miles apart.

But big and little kids everywhere long have known Mickey Mouse is special enough to handle it. Especially when the birthday parties are his own—he's 50 years old this year but doesn't seem to show it!—and are being celebrated at Walt Disney World in Florida and Disneyland in California.

Although his official birthday anniversary isn't until November 18, the only way everyone can possibly attend, Disney officials figure, is to celebrate every day at both places well in advance.

Mickey himself leads a daily 50th

birthday parade along with his close friends from the early days—Minnie, Donald Duck, Goofy and Pluto. Then there's a giant candlelit birthday cake, a 20-foot high birthday card, a huge cupcake and gaily wrapped presents. Also parading are Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Alice in Wonderland, Winnie-the-Pooh and all of Mickey's other animated friends.

The site of the parades is the Magic Kingdom—entertainment center at each Disney complex. It's open daily 9 a.m. to 1 a.m. until late August and 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the off-season.

Incidentally, Mickey made his 1928 debut in the motion picture, *Steamboat Willie*, the world's first cartoon "talkie."

Happy birthday, Mickey! □

MEMORIES OF THE ICE OF SUMMER

by Frances Fox Sandmel

illustrations by Marcus Hamilton



ONE OF THE MAGIC events of my childhood summers on a lake in Maine was the Thursday arrival of Mr. Gregory, the fish man. He came to our cottage with his wares from that other-world part of the state—the Coast. Even in those simpler times, he seemed like a remnant of mythology, creaking down our winding dirt road out of somewhere very far away and long ago.

He and his wife and his horse were all stout and old. His wooden wagon, blotched with flaking blue paint, was an elementary shape, straight-sided, like a big box mounted on high wheels. Fastened over the front of the box was a too-delicate-looking bench on which the couple sat side by side under a faded blue umbrella. The back of the box sloped down, and hinged open like a school desk. The interior, exposed to the hot day for the briefest intervals, was filled with fish and ice. The odor and the climate would exhale into the dry noon like the opening of a cave.

Mr. Gregory would pull out the predictable haddock or hake, or perhaps a glaring flounder, and steady it with one hand on the edge of the wagon while he jealously slammed the lid shut over his sea-change. Mesmerized, I would watch his skillful knife as he diminished the fish from a creature into an object, and I would stare back at the one-eyed scale that swung from a pole at the end of the driver's bench. I would forget for the moment that I would eventually find myself trapped be-

tween the back of my dining room chair and a plateful of fish, and I would listen with wonder to his weekly statement that his whole ice-packed cartload had been swimming yesterday in Penobscot Bay.

My brother insists that Mr. Gregory used to blow a horn to announce his coming, but clearly as I think I recall every detail I cannot summon back this one. I am certain that it was imagined. I believe that my brother and I, without confiding it, must have been caught up in the same awe of Mr. Gregory as a sea god.

But it was not the salt water association of the fish man that fascinated me most. It was his ice and the



trail it made, melting from his wagon into the dust of the rough road. It was a thread to be followed, from fish day to possible enchantment. I used to trace it backwards, like an Ariadne's thread, as far from our house as I was allowed to go alone. But even as I followed it, I deplored it as a wanton waste of a precious substance.

I knew how precious and hard-

won it was. The ice men were the other heroes of my summer. Our ice house, where the big, cold blocks were buried in a room-sized bin of coarse sawdust that reached from floor to ceiling, was more mysterious to me than a fairy tale treasure chest. How could there be, 10 grown-up paces from the airy cottage where the windows were set to catch the light-



est breeze, a storehouse full of winter with the July sun beating down on its roof?

Two evenings a week the icing-up team would come—tall, brawny men (an old-fashioned word to fit my recollection of them), straight from milking, to judge from the fine cow-y smell of them. In their high boots, they would climb into the sawdust

mountain, excavate several brown, grainy slabs, hose them off on the boardwalk that ran between the icehouse and the kitchen door, and then stow them in our walk-in icebox. It seemed strange to me that ice could make such hot work. They would at last slam the icebox door shut with a relieved "they-uh" and wipe their streaming faces. My



brother, who wanted desperately to help them, even though he then weighed little more than one of the blocks, once asked if it was heavy, and the answer was that they guessed *so*, ice was always heavier in the summer than when it was cut.

Try as I would, it was impossible for me to imagine our lake frozen over. The idea of our icing-up friends walking around off the far end of our dock with a team of horses, and sawing out a storehouse full of solid water from where we swam in summer was too much to believe. Mr. Gregory's squandered ice trail and our hoarded ice treasure became part of the same mystery, and some of the fantasies I made by fusing them together have never melted, but have grown heavier with succeeding summers.

Suppose, I used to think, that the supple summer fish that drifted haughtily around our hooks would be somehow overtaken by the freeze? Then, hidden in our sawdust would be stacked cubes of imprisoned perch, jewelled there like flies in amber. Suppose it *was* true that the line of rippled water blowing sometimes through the calm lake on a still August day really marked where the men had cut the ice last winter? (They had told me that it did.) Once, grown up and far from Maine, flying high over a river in winter, I noticed that its surface looked wrinkled; the current had been caught in ice. I knew then that if I had been flying over our lake I would be able to see

from above, frozen and kept there forever, the light wind that once caused a canoe to drift under a full moon that has never waned.

Ice keeps seasons from waning. Was I really chipping up last summer's waves, I used to wonder, to churn this summer's berries into ice cream? During the three summers of World War II when our cottage was boarded up and its family and the families of the ice cutters and the fish man scattered, the ice blocks cut from the waters of peace time maintained their substance, pure and clear, buried in the sawdust until we returned to them. The cleft in the tall rock, begun how long ago by a tiny drop of rain expanding into ice, grows imperceptibly larger every year. I used to measure myself against the rock, and one summer I was taller than it was, but the cleft still keeps widening, catching windfalls of pine needles, storing up summers that will far outnumber my years.

Sometimes, swimming in the lake in hot sunlight (the sun lies in petals of summer on the ripples) I move with one stroke from mild coolness into a sudden stream of ice-cold water. One more strong stroke, and my arms have pulled out of it, but my legs still trail in this other season. Is it ice left from last winter, or, at the height of July noon, is it ice to come? *Memento mori*. I swim away from it while I can, but I know it is there, a trail moving invisibly to a mystery, a certainty, waiting. □

BACKPACKING IN THE BADLANDS



Four
women
tackle one of
North Dakota's
most rugged
trails

by Bonnie Lake

illustrations by
Harvey Kidder

BACKPACKING IS ONE of those activities I've always associated with college students: lithe, young blue-jeaned bodies in a shampoo-commercial setting, sun filtering through green leaves overhead, an Irish setter leaping gracefully alongside.

But there we were—four optimistic, over-30 women—getting set to tackle a trail across the barren backbone of the rugged North Dakota badlands bordering the Little Missouri River north of Killdeer.

Two of us, schoolteacher Rose Basaraba and myself, were rank amateurs. A third member, Sharon Geyer, had experience but only in mountain backpacking. The only real veteran, in fact, was Peggy Klein, a slender, dark-haired nurse from nearby Dickinson who is near-fanatical in her love for the rocky badlands terrain.

The ranger overseeing the Little Missouri River Bay area, a smiling young man in his mid-20s, seemed unbelieving. Did we know the possible dangers? Getting lost? Rattlesnake bites? Running out of water? And so on. Did we understand why the late General Alfred Sully used to call the badlands "hell with the fires gone out"?

Scorching there in the early-fall prairie heat, I didn't need further discouragement. Hoping to hurry things, I tried to struggle into my olive-drab Yucca pack, bulging as it was with a plastic gallon milk jug full of water, bags of freeze-dried food,

extra clothing, my Minolta 7s, film, eating utensils, Granola bars, and (I swear) a paperback copy of *Beginner's Basic Guide to Backpacking*.

The young ranger looked on, visibly amused. Finally, he deftly picked up the pack and placed it on my back, grinning. *Bad start.*

I peered through the heat waves toward our target, the bank of the Little Missouri several miles to the east, where Lewis and Clark once explored by raft. Not a thing stirred in the sultry air. *Why am I here, I thought, when I could be in a hammock with some iced tea?* It seemed wise not to dwell on the thought.

"Remember, no running through the grass," said Peggy, an amateur naturalist. Few people are actually bitten by rattlers, she explained, but meeting a five-foot-long, fanged reptile poised for striking isn't the most pleasant backpacking experience possible.

"Don't worry about *me* trying to run," I joked back. "I'd rather be trying to hike with a 6-year-old kid on my back than this pack right now!"

We headed into a mountain ash grove, descending rapidly. Halfway down the incline, we broke out into open and sat down to rest—the first of many such stops. Peggy's philosophy is to "go slow, see it all." Nobody argued. We had gone only a quarter mile, but were already out of breath and sweaty.

For a short while, we sat silently on a small outcropping, awed by the rainbow-hued rocks and the petrified



ghoul-shapes left behind by trees smothered alive more than 55 million years ago by volcanic ash. On a different level were blood-red layers of clay baked hard by underground lignite seams. To the right soared gray, gracefully fluted "curtains" 60 feet high, the result of clay carved by constant erosion. Spooky rain pillars stood like petrified soldiers, guarding the trail, it seemed.

No wonder the Sioux Indians avoided this place, thinking it haunted and calling it *Mako Shika*, or "land bad."

"We'd better move if we're going to make campsite by dark," Peggy said, pulling herself to her feet and

stretching her arms.

"You don't suppose we could camp here," joked Sharon. "From what I've seen so far, you can give me those cool mountain streams over this."

It did indeed seem that our packs had picked up weight with each step. My head began to swim with the exertion and the unrelenting heat. I began to envision a rescue squad as we headed up what was to be the worse climb of the trip: a 200-foot section of trail up a dizzying incline with a sheer drop-off to the right.

As the trail steepened, I dropped to all-fours, creeping along like some giant bug, my pack cutting into my



back. Finally nearing the top, I reached out for a small spruce shrub beside the trail, flinging off the hateful pack and sinking down in the meager shade. *What fun lies ahead yet?* I thought grimly.

A drink of water and a rest, I discovered at that point, works near-miracles. Not five minutes later we were tramping along a pleasant grass plateau, admiring the scenery. Things were getting better. A golden eagle circled high above in the blue. "Now that's why I like backpacking," said Peggy, smiling and shading her eyes for a better look.

Our weather was perfect. Temperatures in the badlands are known to hit 105 or more, but we had a cooling breeze by 4 p.m. and were almost sprightly as we wound our way down the razorback, all the while treated to a breathtaking view of the Little Missouri winding below us through the mud flats.

We located a promising campsite on a grassy knoll halfway up a hill by

a small buckbrush thicket under a mountain ash and quickly pitched our tents. Famished, we didn't argue when Peggy quickly cooked up supper—freeze-dried beef stroganoff and an instant cheesecake—all done on her lightweight propane stove. We mourned the absence of a campfire, but strict fire regulations prevent it in the badlands.

It was still light enough after supper for exploring. Sharon and Rose stayed on the bank, watching, as Peggy and I scrambled over the skeletons of long-dead trees where the river had once bordered in high-water days. The mud flat was sticky and moist. We stood silently, feeling the spookiness of the place.

Dusk was falling. From across the flats drifted the haunting yip of young coyotes, a prairie "song dog" perhaps teaching her young the fine points of hunting before the high-plains blizzards began to sweep in. All around us, the scenery had turned soft, like a watercolor, in gray-browns, purples and blues.

Gingerly we began to walk out onto the flat. It wasn't solid, but, as I mentioned to Peggy, more like the texture of foam rubber floating on a sea of Jello.

"Hey, maybe we shouldn't walk on this stuff," I said to Peggy. She was already out farther than I, heading toward an area that seemed to be "percolating" an ugly grayish-white substance. Suddenly, her heavy hiking boot broke through the crust.

"I've got a feeling you're right,"

she said, backing up cautiously. We quickly and carefully retraced our steps. Later we learned we had been walking on something called "gumbo," a soft-base mud with frequent, bottomless sinkholes known at times to swallow whole steers (not to mention all those bad guys in cowboy-and-Indian movies).

Enough adventure. It was getting dark—and cool. We warmed instant coffee and slipped into our down bags, ignoring the tents. The stars were spectacular. With no neon signs or ground light to interfere we were treated to a dazzling, diamond-studded show. The bonus, later in the evening, was the appearance of the northern lights, flickering and dancing in electric blues and greens. One by one, we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning dawned misty, unusual for the badlands. Rain-soaked clay trails are treacherous, so we breakfasted quickly and broke camp, lest we become trapped in the valley until dry weather. Even in mild weather, getting chilled and wet can bring on a hiking condition known as "hypothermia," which can be fatal, so we donned our plastic rain gear rather than gamble with nature.

At this point, we were all "veterans." We had no difficulty scrambling back up to the high plateau, looking along the way for fossils and geodes—strange, round rocks with centers of delightful crystal. "I found one," called out Rose, holding up a

near-perfect specimen. We admired it for a short while, then walked on, alternating between singing marching songs and filing silently in hopes of seeing a cottontail, prairie hen, antelope or other native wildlife. No luck, though.

It was midafternoon by the time we spotted the ranger station. We hung back, reluctant to return to our routine work-a-day worlds of jobs and bills. We lingered on the final stretch, taking long rest breaks, munching our Granola bars and philosophizing. By the time we reached Rose's station wagon parked by the station, the sun was starting to get low in the sky.

We laughed and chattered as we packed our gear into the car. We were bone-tired, dirty and conscious of strained muscles that wouldn't ache until later that evening. With the assistance of Peggy, we had been introduced not only to backpacking, but to lost areas of the badlands that casual, camper-bound tourists would never even touch.

We had tried something that for us was new and different. There wasn't one among us who wouldn't be anxious to go again—soon. Sitting in the back seat on the way home, sweaty in my hiking clothes and looking forward to a cool drink and a liniment rub when I got home, I felt good as I watched the North Dakota prairie sliding by the car window. Maybe it hadn't quite been the Now Generation—but it had been plenty good. □



Coalinga's

ANIMATED

THERE'S AN UNUSUAL art gallery bordering California Highway 33, just north of the small town of Coalinga, located southwest of Fresno.

The objets d'art are 50 or so oil rigs disguised as colorful animals, birds, reptiles, insects and people.

There are a multi-hued alligator, a zebra kicking up its heels, a resplendent butterfly and a horse wearing a derby. Nearby are an eagle flapping its wings, a cowboy riding a bucking bronco, a brightly made-up clown and a dog munching on a bone.

Transformation of the oil field,

which has been in operation since 1909, occurred in 1976 when the companies running the rigs conducted a contest among employees and residents of the town of 6,000. The winning designs were applied to the "canvasses" of steel while production was briefly halted.

Passing motorists paid scant attention to the unsightly rigs before the contest. Now they delight in stopping to watch. The animated art may be seen by turning west off Interstate 5 at Jayne Avenue or California Highway 198, or by turning east off U.S. 101 onto State Highway 198. □



ART GALLERY

story and photos by
Henry F. Unger





Fiercest Fighter in the Field

The weasel is a small package of murder—but
the farmers are glad he's around

ONE MORNING I VISITED a poultry farm that a weasel had raided the night before. He had slipped through a partly open window, entered a coop and slaughtered all 25

broiler tenants. Then, passing up both dark and white meat, he surfeited himself on a liquid diet drained from chicken throats.

"You must be seeing red," I said

by George Heinold

illustrations by Raymond Houlihan

to the poultryman, but he merely chuckled and shook his head.

"For once a weasel has done me a good turn," he said. "I'd separated those broilers from the main flock last night because I was going to butcher them this morning. Now I'm saved a messy chore. When it comes to neat slaughter, weasels are pros."

Most people seem to regard the weasel as a depraved killer whose diet, with rare exceptions, is warm flesh and hot blood—a character of the animal kingdom without mercy or a purpose in the world. He is a little hellion, no question. But he has his good points. Farmers tip their hats to his valuable destruction of vermin and Nature depends on his thinning overpopulations among wildlife.

The weasel's admirable traits of character are seldom emphasized. The fact that he is brave is too often overlooked; his home, meticulously clean, is seldom presented to the public eye. Weasel mothers, when protecting their young, conduct themselves with valor that can be called foolhardy. Ignoring odds of 10 to one or 1,000 to one, weasels on occasion have attacked man, dog and bird of prey without winning page-two mention.

The first demonstration I ever saw of the weasel's courage ended, so far as he was concerned, happily. A chicken hawk, dive-bombing my dad's duck slough, made off with a young Muscovy. I grabbed our shotgun and legged after them.

Air-lifting the duck across a stand of hardwoods, the hawk landed in a scrub-juniper lot beyond. Here, in hawk manner when prey is heavy, it dropped to the ground to eat.

I had belly-inched almost into range when the hawk, springing into the air, seemed to go into a fit of floundering and wing pummeling. The bird acted as if one of its legs were hitched to a long-stretching rubber band. The stolen duck was no longer in its talons.

Suddenly the hawk collapsed, a heap of feathers. I reached the scene in time to see a weasel slither from the feathery disarray to delve with relish into the Muscovy.

Weasels that mix with birds of prey, however, do not always end up in the winner's corner. The owner of a pheasant farm called me to his farm one day in great excitement. He had pole-trapped a great horned owl, a large, indignant predator. Clinging to the owl's upper breast was the head of a weasel. Even after appointment with his Maker, that weasel's jaws still kept their trap hold. But, because a mouthful of feathers had bunched up between his jaws, the weasel's teeth had reached only the owl's skin.

The personification of this sort of hell-raising is a forearm's length of streamlined brown with a low forehead, stubby rounded ears, and a poker face from which stare a pair of eyes that can best be described as beady. The weasel's armament is a mouth bristling with jagged canine



teeth powered by layers of tough muscle anchored to his skull. Cold-steel courage is abundant.

Northland Indians give accounts of weasels engaged in the heroic but futile effort of clinging to the throats of thick-skinned moose and caribou. Western trappers have told me that weasels have been known to attack mule deer and elk. Even the less woolly East is not without incidents of this nature. One Rhode Island stable owner told me that, aroused by a horse's kicking the sides of his stall to kindling wood, he found a weasel leeching to its neck.

Weasel can be a benefactor

Some farmers whose stock isn't feathered aren't especially hostile to weasels, feeling that no other member of nature's board of health contributes so much to the eradication of grain-destroying, disease-carrying mice and rats. When judged from that angle, the weasel emerges as a benefactor. His propensities for killing mice and rats are uninhibited; his physique enables him to perform his missions with a style that can be rivaled only by his cousin the ferret. He bags rodent life, not in braces, but in gross lots as he stalks prey through the dark, winding abysses underneath barn floors, foundations, grain bins and corn shocks.

"Alongside a weasel," said a dairyman, "a cat is as efficient at catching mice and rats as a rocking-horse!"

Evidence substantiating this

dairyman's contention that the weasel has few peers in the eradication of rodents came to my attention in a wood lot fringing a public dump infested with rats. I was searching for medicinal plants when, in an excavation under a big stump, I found the bodies of several rats. Neatly placed, they were partly covered with leaves.

Puzzled over the identity of the creature responsible for their undoing, I sat down on a nearby log and reflected. Presently I caught a glimpse of a weasel coming from the direction of the dump. It was delivering, partly carrying and partly dragging, a rat to the cache. Seemingly unconcerned that foreign eyes were observing it in the supplying of its trophy room, the mighty little hunter stored its latest acquisition and departed leisurely.

Managing to keep the weasel under surveillance, I saw it disappear among rocks about 50 feet from the trophy collection. As this took place in July, the season of family rearing among wild neighbors, I suspected that the rock pile might be the sanctuary of the weasel young. I had been anxious for a long time to get an intimate look at the private life of a weasel family.

Early the next morning I came back to the rock pile. By that time my ambitions had grown. Bringing along a small wooden box, I intended to carry away some of the young weasels for observation at home.

No weasel parent was present

when my labors finally uncovered the nest. It was a snug example of housekeeping. The living room, about the size of a baker's pie, was lined with rich, soft moleskins. Underneath the skins, supplying the benefits of air-foam cushioning, were layers of dried grasses and leaves. The quarters were designed with amplitude and sanitation. Separated from the main room, but linked by a passageway carpeted with more moleskins, was a pantry in which I found the hind quarters of a rat and choice portions of field mice.

The young, five in all, were snuggled in the middle of the living room. Their eyes were open and malevolent in expression; silken fur had formed over their bodies, but being still finger size, they were unable to offer combat or take flight.



Carefully picking the babies out of the nest, I lined the bottom of my box with their furry robes and tucked them in. Then, certain that they were safely in my possession, I proceeded with my examination of their recent nursery.

Sound caused me to turn

A slight sound behind me caused me to turn in time to see the mother weasel, an offspring in her mouth, bound off the side of the wooden box. She quickly scooted away, disappearing in a brushpile. A moment later she emerged and, ignoring me, climbed up the box. Jumping in, she snatched another of her young and, bounding out lightly, spirited it away.

This time I grabbed the box. Holding it on my lap, I sat on the stones. The animal, returning, searched the spot where the box had rested. Testing the wind, she circled the area frantically until a helpful current of air delivered her first clue. She spotted the box in my lap and set a course directly toward me. When she reached my feet, the weasel paused for an instant to take my measure. Then, pressing my leg into service as a ramp, she climbed to my lap and up the side of the box. Snatching another baby in her mouth, she jumped down.

Such courage canceled my plans to kidnap her offspring. The young were on the ground when the mother returned to claim the rest of her progeny. □

Pity the Demise of the Wooden Lobster Trap



**A lot of colorful language
and photo settings
are in jeopardy, laments
this Downeaster**

by John Gould

illustrations by
Robert Eric Moore

IN THE PAST few years, Maine fishermen have been accepting the wire lobster trap—factory-made of small-mesh wire screening in place of the wooden trap. It may be too late to stop this movement, but the consequences of this heresy should be considered.

If the slatted wooden lobster trap, which fishermen mostly nail together in their spare time, is doomed, its demise will remove a favorite photographic background from the Maine coast, and might bring a business recession to camera film manufacturers—only the Sistine Chapel and the Grand Canyon have been more frequently photographed.

The demise of the wooden trap may also threaten many words and expressions that lobstering has added to Maine speech. Metal just isn't so poetic as wood.

And, lastly, since no tourist is likely to buy a wire lobster trap to take back home as a souvenir of a happy vacation or as temporary decor, Maine stands to lose income from the sale of this popular item.

Arch Wallace is considered the father of the Retired Lobster Trap Caper.

Arch lobsters in Muscongus Bay, and one spring he was mending traps and had a load to take to the dump. Storms and tides buffet traps, and they need repairs, but sooner or later one gets beyond saving, and such were always hove on the dump.

But it was thick-o'-fog that day, and Arch didn't have anything else to





do, so he got to wondering if there might not be a sucker value in the summercater trade.

He said to his wife, "Wonder if mebbe the tourists wouldn't buy these dump traps and save me a trip?"

Ivernia, whose head sits squarely on capable shoulders, said, "Wouldn't wonder—how much you s'pose one's worth?"

Arch said, "Well, I dunno, but I was thinking in the neighborhood of 50 cents."

Ivernia said, "That's not much of a neighborhood. Seems to me if a tourist is fool enough to pay 50 cents for a busted trap, he's fool enough to pay \$2."

So Arch piled the traps on his lawn, and during July alone he sold 50 at \$2 each. Since that time, Maine lobstermen don't haul dump traps to the dump, and in the richer areas the price has hit as high as \$10.

By the way, that previous reference to "temporary" decor is meaningful. A lobster trap during its working career is baited with exceptionally ripe fish, and after several seasons it "osmosifies" a tawny effluvia without peer in the olfactory range.

On the beach, up in Maine, with a sea breeze wafting, the tourist doesn't notice this, and the Maine lobsterman neglects to call it to his attention. But after the said used, or retired, lobster trap is carried on the top of an automobile down the Maine Turnpike and on to Tennessee, Ohio or other destinations, and is inserted

in a warm parlor or den, this tang asserts itself and becomes conspicuous. Hence, "temporary."

Functionally, the metal trap seems to be competitive. It even has some advantages: It can be fished in shoaler waters where breakers would smash a wooden trap. Price runs about the same, figuring nailing time on the wood. Marcraft Inc., the factory at Freeport that pioneered wire traps, lately bought a bolt mill and is making wooden trap stock as well—Marcraft will sell either kind. Twine used for heads and warp is the same for both kinds. But the wire trap lacks the picturesque extra, and nobody expects it will beguile the tourist.

As to the lobstering words and expressions that the wooden trap helped foster in Maine speech—long before the advent of the metal trap: *Trap* and *pot* are synonyms, but are not interchangeable. A lobsterman will tell you how many *traps* he has out, and is not likely to say *pot* in that context. But the line that runs down to a trap is called a *warp*, and it is always *pot-warp*; never trap-warp. Likewise, the colored buoy that holds the warp afloat, identifies the owner and aids in picking up, is a *pot-buoy*; never a trap-buoy. And *picking up* a buoy is wholly visual—it means to sight the buoy as it floats up ahead. When the buoy is really picked up, so the trap may be hauled, that is *garfting*, from *gaff*, the hook on a pole. Garfting thus means to handle something, usually in a forthright manner: "He garft him by

the collar and hove him out in a snowbank!"

Haul, the general word for handling lobster traps, is one of the most used words on the Maine coast. The trap is *hauled* to see what's in it. A man *goes to haul*, and is said to *be haulin'*. The day's total catch, in poundage and in money, is the haul. To *have your haul in your pocket* is to carry a lot of money about, and can mean you're not given to trusting the banks. Vermonters *draw* firewood



and sawlogs from the forest; Mainers always haul it. A man hauls himself home at two in the morning after a night out, and maybe his wife hauls off and gives him a piece of her mind.

The bait, which is preferably old and noticeable, is known as *brim*, but nobody is just sure why. Anybody who is full of brim is therefore thus and so. When bait is inserted in a trap, it is handled with a *bait-iron*, a steel rod not unlike a chef's larding needle and certainly comparable to a skewer or a rapier. Accordingly, a

man having some kind of comeup-pance may be said to be *bait-ironed for fair*. Compare the modern *shafted*.

When a trap is being hauled, the line is garfted and thrown over a *wench*. The rudder is put on a circle, speed is reduced and the wench is revved up. If the trap is caught on the ocean bottom, as happens, it is said to be *hung down*. You can't very well call this being "hung up," so Maine parlance has a new image. If the trap comes up all right, it is said to *breach* when it breaks the surface of the water. Whales, coming up to spout, also breach. And, by extension, a cow that jumps fences is *breachy*.

Maine has a double-gauge law, so lobsters too small and those big enough for breeders must be returned to the ocean. Those that are of legal length are called *counters*—you can count them in your haul—and the freshwater anglers' comparable word is *keepers*. So now you know what is meant when you hear that Myrtle Maddocks, out to Little Cranberry Island, went through five husbands in her time, and didn't have a counter in the bunch.

The *hold-turn* on the wench, causing friction to bring up the trap from the ocean floor, is eased off when the trap breaches, and gives Mainers an expression for standing firm, being true to ideals—the context will vary. Thus, "He could have married, but *kept his hold-turn*." That is, he didn't. Anybody who loses his hold-turn has usually done something ab-

surd, or at least something he didn't intend: "He'd have money today if he'd kept his hold-turn."

Lobstering gave our language *daow*! All lobstermen are pessimists, and none has yet admitted he ever made a dime. Ask if he had a good haul, and he will say, "Daow!" It is a Maine coast intensive-negative, ten times a no-no-no. Except, of course, that you wouldn't ask the question that way, because lobsters *crawl*. They swim, maybe, otherwise, but in terms of a haul they crawl. "Are they crawlin'?" you ask, and he says, "Daow!"

If lobsters aren't crawling, counters are few. So whereas crawling means slow progress elsewhere, in Maine it indicates a happy activity, making prosperity and joy:

"Things crawl pretty good for him, don't they?"

"I should say so. He's lucky as a cat with two tails."

Harold Jameson, lobsterman, says other than the salvage value to tourists, he doesn't see much difference between wire and wood, "except that them tin traps make me bleed." Sharp edges on the ends of the wires scratch his hands. He finds it hard to change the customs of a lifetime and put his fingers in safe places. "I never bleed on wooden traps," he says.

So there's that to worry about, let alone the lore and the legends of lobstering and the beauty the slatted wooden traps have given our language. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



GRAND HOTEL MACKINAC ISLAND MICHIGAN

On a bluff overlooking the Straits of Mackinac and surrounded by 500 acres of beautifully landscaped grounds, the resort has the world's largest summer hotel. Completed in 1887, the hotel is open from mid-May to mid-October. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Reservations required for meals and overnight accommodations. There are full recreation facilities for guests. No cars are allowed on the island. Guests arrive by private boat or by ferry from Mackinaw City or St. Ignace, Michigan, and are transported from the dock to the hotel by horse-drawn carriages.

INDIAN CORN SOUP

Sauté 2 stalks chopped celery and 1 small chopped onion in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter

TINNIE'S SILVER DOLLAR TINNIE, NEW MEXICO

In 1960, the Tinnie Mercantile Company commissioned John Meigs, an artist and designer, to restore the 1892 structure that now houses this excellent restaurant. Aged beef, lamb chops, trout and quail simply prepared are the mainstays of the menu. Open daily from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; reservations necessary. Closed Christmas. It is on U.S. Highways 70-380 in Tinnie, which is 40 miles west of Roswell, New Mexico.

BROILED RAINBOW TROUT

2 14-ounce whole dressed trout

2 sticks butter

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

over low heat until straw colored. Then mix in 3 tablespoons flour with a little water and stir until soup thickens. Add 4 cups half and half and cook until mixture thickens slightly. Heat 4 cups cream style corn and add to cream mixture and bring to boiling point. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve piping hot. Makes 6 portions.

CHICKEN DELMAR

Dip 6 chicken legs and thighs in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter and then roll in 1 cup cracker crumbs. Place on a rack in a roast pan and bake at 450° for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 275° and bake until very tender, about 1½ hours. Serve with 2 cups gravy made from chicken stock and thickened with flour and cream. Add small amount of sage and poultry seasoning to gravy. Serves 6.

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon freshly ground pepper

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine

2 tablespoons finely minced parsley

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon garlic powder

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika

1 ounce brandy

Wash fish thoroughly with cold water. Dry with paper towels. Baste inside and outside of fish heavily with 1 butter stick melted. Season with salt and freshly ground pepper. Combine the remaining ingredients except brandy and simmer for a few minutes. Broil fish for 10 minutes on each side, basting with sauce after turning. Make sure not to overcook. Sprinkle fish with brandy and top with wine sauce before serving 4.



OH-HO-SO

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Kwong Lum is the owner-manager of this fine Chinese restaurant that boasts an imaginative menu with a couple of dozen dishes served for the first time in Manhattan. Lunch and dinner are served every day; reservations necessary. It is at 395 West Broadway. From the West Side Highway take the Canal street exit, proceed on Canal to West Broadway, then turn left and go three blocks. The Soho art center, galleries and boutiques are in the area.

HONEY PRAWNS

Shell 20 giant shrimp and mix with 1 tablespoon of baking powder. Let stand for 10 minutes, then wash shrimp in cold running water for 10 minutes. Drain well and dry with paper towels. Make a batter by combining 6 ounces flour, 2 eggs and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Mix and beat well. Dip shrimp in batter and fry in 325° corn oil. Serve with sauce be-

low. Serves 4.

Sauce: Sauté together for 45 minutes ½ peeled orange, 1 large peeled tomato, 2 slices lemon, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon soy sauce and 1½ teaspoons vinegar. Stir often. Pour sauce on cooked shrimp and garnish with lychee nuts, loquats and pineapple chunks.

MARINATED STEAK

Slice 1 pound of flank steak into 2-inch long and one-inch thick pieces. Slice an onion and combine with steak cubes. Marinate both in mixture of 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon Mei Kirei Len (a Chinese liqueur, or Southern Comfort can be used). Let stand for an hour. Heat frying pan with 2 tablespoons of corn oil at 300°, add 2 cloves of garlic. Fry steak on both sides, turn over in 30 seconds and add 1 sliced onion, 1 tablespoon ketchup and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix well. Serves 4.

OLD SOUTH MOUNTAIN INN BOONSBORO, MARYLAND

This historic inn on U.S. Alternate Route 40, east of Boonsboro, has welcomed travelers for nearly 250 years. It stands beside the Appalachian Trail and Washington Monument State Park, 50 miles from Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, Maryland. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Monday.

FLUFFY FROZEN PEANUT BUTTER PIE

½ cup cream cheese

1½ cups confectioners' sugar

7½ tablespoons peanut butter

½ cup milk

1½ cups non-dairy whipped topping

8-inch graham cracker pie shell, baked and cooled

¼ cup finely chopped peanuts

Whip cheese at low speed until soft and fluffy. Beat in sugar and peanut butter at medium speed. Slowly beat in milk. Fold topping into mixture. Pour into pie shell and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Freeze until firm and then serve cut into wedges. If stored for any length of time, wrap pie when frozen hard.

Letters Letters Letters

A Prize Falcon?

Maybe you would like to hear of your prize Falcon. I bought it in 1964. It has been on the road ever since. I

drove it two round trips to the Atlantic Coast and for sightseeing in 39 states and Canada. After 10 years and 135,000 miles, I gave it to my college grandsons who have driven it another 100,000 miles and more. It has continually made 26 miles to the gallon. Just a minor replacement part is all the attention it has had. My sincere thanks to Ford.

Mrs. A. M. Jeppesen
Mt. Hood, Oregon

Switched Brands— And Happy About It

For all of my adult life, until 1972, I have been a General Motors client. That year, a friend sold me her husband's 1967 Ford Custom two-door Sedan, and I bought it—very reluctantly.

I now have 108,000 miles on my Baby Grand, as I call her—and she has never once let me down. You have no idea how comforting it is to know that I can let her sit for a week, press down twice on the accelerator pedal, and off we go.

I hope you are maintaining your standard of excellence because at the rate I've been going I will probably be in need of a new car in about five or 10 years.

Pegeen Quimby
Phoenix
Arizona

P.S. I have had only to replace my compressor in the air conditioner (only natural, living here in the desert), but never have had the slightest repair to any motorized or mechanical part.

We Do, We Do!

We wanted a small pickup and, being a Ford family, we wanted something made by Ford; so we bought a used 1971 Pinto sedan and made what we call "Our Little Pinchero." We think it deserves a spot in the *Ford Times*, we hope you do, too.

Ted Pedrozo
Merced, California



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CAR AND DRIVER MAGAZINE READERS' POLL



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